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## Lost Dolls

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*College of DuPage*

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## LOST DOLLS

Scuffed, dusty,  
mud-spattered and forlorn,  
a lonely doll lay helpless in the roadside cinders,  
arms and legs raised  
imploring —  
longing for a little heart  
and mind  
to bring her back to life.

Tossed from a car by a vengeful sibling,  
accidentally dropped  
in a feat of dolly-derring-do,  
or set down and forgotten  
in a neglectful moment  
as daddy pulled away from the curb.

All along the road —  
teddy bears,  
toy trucks,  
bent bicycles,  
and beat-up baseball mitts.

Tears flow  
as children grow  
and dollies daily die.

— *Ron Edison*

## LET'S DANCE

Shall we dance, World?  
Whose music shall we provide?  
Too strange is your tune.  
We'll put that aside.  
This one I know.  
Here's how it goes.

Why do you hop  
when the music is soft?  
Why do you leap  
when it glides peacefully?  
Watch what I do.  
I'll repeat it for you.

Take hands, World.  
Be light on your feet!  
(but how can we dance  
when you don't feel the beat.)

— *Jeanne Pachaly*